

Don Samuel Crispe :

Or, The Pleasant

HISTORY

Of the KNIGHT

OF

FOND LOVE.

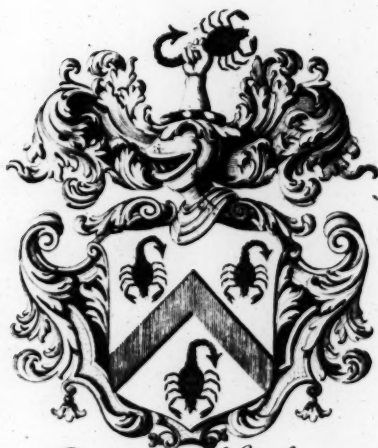
Adorned and Embellished with Sun-
dry Rare and Delightful

ADVENTURES



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCLX.



Will^m Cole.
Coll. Regal. Cantab. A.M.
L. R. Turner.



To all the Madams, Ladies and Gentlewomen in *England, Scotland and Ireland*, and the Dominions thereunto belonging.

Madams, fair Ladies, and Gentlewomen,

THere is a Proverb which saith,
That some are wise, and some
are otherwise: Whence I infer,
that all men are not wise, but that
there are some Fools in the world. The Providence of Nature was great, to chequer the world with such variety. For how could wisemen recreate their serious Contemplations, were not some men born to make them merry with their folly? I know, Ladies, you do not alwayes contemplate upon Brightman, alwayes read Love's Works; there is a time when you exhilarate your selves with looking on the labours of S. George, Palmerin of England, Bevis of Southampton, Don Quixot, and the like: Now had all the world been Plato's, Solon's, Calvin's

and Calamy's, what would you have done for the merry humours of these men?

Therefore that I might no longer hide my light under a Bushel, but be useful in my Generation, and shew to the world that there was such a man as my self, upon Earth, I have here made bold to present you with the choicest Flowers of my Amorous Frolicks; and to set these my Adventures as so many Centinels to guard Melancholy from your thoughts.

If I have not acted my part so fully to my intentions, as I ought, upon the Stage of the World; Ladies, I beg your pardon, desiring you to tell me where I have fail'd, and to impose your further Commands upon,

Ladies,

Your Sempiternal Vassal,

SAM. CRISP,

Don



Don SAMUEL CRISPE:
OR,
THE PLEASANT HISTORY
OF
The Knight of Fond Love.

CH'AP. I.

Of the Birth, Parentage and Education of the Knight of
Fond Love.

IN the Reign of Oliver, Protector of England, there
dwelt in the famous City of London, the chief Me-
tropolis thereof, a Gentleman, who being well
skilled in the Art of Physick, first got Practice, then
a Wife, and then Children.

His name was Crispe: some say, Of the ancient
family of Crispus Salsus; though Antiquity hath quite
worn away Salsus, and left one Crispe behind.

Among the rest of his Issue, he had three sons; the elder
christened Toby, the younger yeilded Samuel, and the young-
est surnamed Rowland.

It is reported, that the Mother, while she was with child
of these two striplings, dreamt that she brought forth two
lumps of Chalk, and a pound of Pomection: upon which
she went to an Astrologer, who did thereupon portend the
sweetness of the young mens dispositions, and that they
should be long'd after, by young Virgins.

All these, as they grew up, grew straight and proper; and
for their Faces, they seem'd, if they pleas'd, made to save
charges; for they were so good, they needed no Bands. Their

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Father was not forgetful in their younger years to instill in to them the wholesome Precepts contained in the Walter, Bomer and Hornbook, as well for instruction, as to make them capable of reading their Mother Language. But as they grow in years, higher Designs creep into their pates; and they resolved to enrich themselves with such accomplishments as should make them eminent. Wndently therefore considering at what mark to aim, in the first place, they reject Natural Philosophy, as too serious; they spurn away the Mathematicks, as too hard a Science for their tender capacities; they kick away Law, calling the Terms thereof, Conjuring. Being thus in a deep Debate, quoth Toby to Samuel:

As I am elder then you, so I may perhaps speak as wisely as you: 'Tis true, I am a Merchant, yet I have idle time enough to spare, and can follow any other handsome employment, to waste leisure-hours: Some men follow drinking; but I cannot maintain quarrels, and therefore I like it not. Some follow gaming; but there's mischief and danger in that, too, especially if a man question the Dice; so that I abjure it. Therefore I am of opinion, that there is no Art so suirable to our Dispositions, as the Art of Love; 'Tis a fine Calling, and a civil: for Ladies, Brother, will not only not fight, but love; and doubtless love us, being proper and handsome: Besides, Brother, as I take it, there is a Duty lying upon young men, to serve and wait upon young Ladies and Gentlewomen.

Toby having ended this Speech, Samuel started for joy, saying to his Brother, that he was wiser then Solomon, and had more discretion then his Namesake, who was Judge of Israel: But Brother, two heads are better then one; and therefore, as you have begun the invention, you shall be bound by and by I will contrive the rest. For you must know, Brother, that before we can practise this Art, to wait upon Ladies, as we should do, we must be knighted, and assume unto our selves certain Titles, after we have studied those things which are most requisite to accomplish us. What was that, George knighted before he could conquer the Dragon, for the Kings

Rings Daughters sake, and was called, The Knight of the Red Cross. So likewise, the Grocers Apprentice, before he could be fit to wait on his Mistress daughter, was knighted, and called, The Knight of the Burning Pettie. First, therefore, let us learn to dance; then let us read the several Books and Treatises that may better our complemental Language, and then I shall not question but to find out some person or other, who may give us our Order.

CHAP. II.

How these two young men proceeded in their Studies, and how they were dubb'd by Sir Pennel, Knight of the Eleemosynary Ale.

W^HEN this intention they went to Sir Channel, Knight of the Kirt and Fiddle, who being a man of great experience, and more knowing in his Art, than the seven wise Men of Greece, and withal, meeting with prompt wits and nimble heels, obtained great Renown, and caused their Reputation to dilate it self, both far and near. Whely one thing grieved him, that whereas he thought to have made them Masters of the Harmonious Cassanets, their capacities could never reach to do any thing worth hearing, upon those Instruments. However, they were not unmindful to buy up the choicest Books of Complements, yet not with such a prodigality, as to give the Bookseller what ever he ask'd, but warily beating him down to the lowest price, well knowing, that those who were too lavish in their youth, might come to want in their old age, according to the Doctrine of John De Moon. The next men consulted withal, were Milliners, touching the variety and proximity of colours; and the instructions which they received from them, were wrote down in Table-Books, and con'd every morning, before they said their Prayers: because their choicest Memorandums were alwayes laid up next their hearts. The next thing they

they did; was the choice of an able and knowing Taylor; a man of good intelligence, as to the Fashion, without whose assistance they could never be truly accomplish'd; one good suit of Cloaths doing a man more credit, then all the Greek and Latins that ever was spoke since the destruction of Troy. But to see how coy Fortune is to some, how free to others! These Persons could no sooner wish but have: For going to Fleetstreet, one of these young persons happened to be a-bay; and seeking for an Ale-house, they lighted in at the sign of the Buff-coat: they called for Ale; 'twas asked whether Eleemosynary, or other Ale; they replied, What Ale's that: quoth the Squire, This is the Castle of Sir Pommel, Knight of the Eleemosynary Ale, as being that Liquor; with which most commonly, he relieves distressed Knights: whereupon they sent for the Knight, who coming courteously unto them, they demanded several Questions; and among the rest, whether he had power to make Knights. Sir Pommel replied, That he had; and that, if they pleas'd, he could erect new Orders: at which they receiv'd great satisfaction, desiring to be made Knights also: and having heard a Catalogue of Orders read to them, they at length pitched upon the Order of Fond Love: which being determin'd, the Laws were produc'd and read.

1. That they should never speak sence to any Lady they went to visit.
2. That they should give their Ladies often-Treatments, and not minde what they spend upon them.
3. That they go every day to the Exchange, to see the several Modes of Whisks, and Trimmings of Gloves, and give their Ladies information accordingly.
4. That their Handkerchiefs be always perfum'd with Orange-flower-water.
5. That they love every Lady they see: and that they have not so bad an opinion of the said Ladies, as to believe they do not love them again.

These Laws being read, their Ears were stop'd with black

black Wool, lest any thing contrary to these Orders should enter into them; which being done, they were bid to kneel, when so, in came Sir Pemmell, and laying the first Fork on their Shoulders, bid them, Rise up Sir Toby, and Sir Samuel Crispe, Knights of the Order of Fond Love. After this, they thank'd Sir Pemmell for his civility, and gave the Squire the obbe peng which was ober and abobe the reckoning, and so departed. Then resolving to have but one Squire between them, to save charges, they went and hired ~~him~~, who readily agreed to serve them for five Shillings a quarter, and their old six Stockings.

CHAP. III.

How Sir Samuel Crispe fell in love with the fair Lady Elizabetha.

TWAS now the time when the Sun, tir'd with his tedious Summer marches, goes to bed before six, and rises not till past seven; when so, at the close of the evening, Sir Samuel, led by his Devotion, goes to the Temple of St. Bartholomews, behind the Royal Exchange. In this place were met sundry fair Ladies, hearing an ancient man speak Divinity unto them. But they, who were before attentive to him, had now another Object to look upon. He came in well tir'd, his Band and half Shirt clean, his cloaths so in print, and worn with so much care, that he might well be call'd, The Gloyd of his Tailor. He entered with a face full of pride and disdain, regardless of courting those, whom he was confident his Person was enough to captivate. But Cupid having a mind to humble him, fires to the eyes of Donna Elizabetha, and from thence shoots him to the heart. 'Tis true as Plowden said, The Case is now alter'd: For he that but now thought no Lady good enough for him, would now kiss this Ladies Back, so he might kiss her hands. Thus fatally struck, he departs; giving his Squire ~~himself~~

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charge to bog her home, and give him an account
of her Logging.

CHAP. IV.

How Sir Samuel lamented his Case, and how he sent a Letter
to Elizabetha.

Sir Samuel being got home, his heart fell a throbbing and
beating; as if the Cyclops had been making Thunder-
bolts there. He fetch'd sighs from the bottom of his Breast,
and sarks from the bottom of his Belly: If he eat, it was
because he was an hungry; and if he drank, it was to drown
sorrow. At length, impatient of delay, he uttered his woes
in this sort: Oh most unfortunate of men, and most wretch-
ed of young men! unhappie eyes! why were ye not asleepe,
asleepe at Church, where most eyes have the happines to sleepe,
but waking, to see your Destruction? To what purpose am
I black and comely, straight and proper, but that women
should be in love with me? and must I be now in love with
none? but I am in love, & cannot help it for my heart and
guts. O Elizabetha, Elizabetha Tovel, thou hast undone Sa-
muel Crispe. By this time his good Squire ~~had~~
came in, and told him where his Elizabetha lay: Whereupon,
calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, he thus wrote unto her.

Sir Samuel to the Fair Elizabetha.

MADAM,
MY Heart boiles, yet, it is ready to freeze over, because
You have enflam'd it; O let Your Charity cool it,
that it may come to its Temper again: and let not him die,
that onely desires to live to do you service. I am your Pri-
soner, captivated in the Fetters of your Hair; O let me at
Liberty, that I may be free to wait upon you. Madam, there
is no Child loves Plum Cake, no Virgin loves Chees-cake
or

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et Cream-sart so well, as I love you. Truly Madam this is truth; and therefore be not cruel to a poor worm, that must of necessity die, if trampled on by the foot of your disdain.

These words he sealed up in perfum'd paper, and deliver'd to his good squire ~~James~~, to give unto the fair hands of his Mistress. But 'tis reported, that Elizabetha having read the Letter, gave it her Chamber-maid, bidding her make use of it when she went next into the Garden. However, Love would not let him be defist; and therefore, since he could not obtain an answer, he resolves to go in person, as you shall hear in the next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

How Sir Samuel went to visit his Elizabetha; and how the Knight of the Cole-wharf darted his Boot-hose.

THus resolved, Sir Samuel, powder'd by his Barber, trim'd by his Tailor; and adorned with such Emphatical Colours, that had he said nothing, his Mistress might have gather'd his meaning from his Cooplace, he sets on his journey. But Oh the fate of mortal wights! what a sad disaster befel him! For as he was going in the Street, one of the Knights of the Cole-wharf meets him, with his Charriot laden: and as he came to the horse-head, the horse stumbling, all bespatter'd his Boot-hose. 'Twas a sad thing, to see those white Boot-hose, which his Landlady had been one day washing, another day drying, and a third smooching, all bespatter'd in a minute.

He would have demanded satisfaction of the Knight of the Cole-wharf; but the Knight lifting up his Whip, he thought it better, since his Mistress was not by to take notice of the affront, nor there to inspire him with Valour, to go and chastise himself, than to anger that man of choler, who went about to punish knights, as other men punish rogues.

Home therefore goes he, thits himself, and so prevent the like danger, hires a Coach to carry him and his garments safe to the place where his affections resided.

CHAP. VI.

How Sir *Samuel* courted *Elizabetha*, and how the Chambermaid affronted him; and what happened thereupon.

Sir Samuel being now in the presence of his Mistress, though at first he were a little daunted at the Majestie of her person, yet finding that he must either speak, or he counted a Puppe, for coming to visit a Lady, and saying nothing; he addrest himself, after a leg or two made in mood and figure, in these following words.

Madam, seeing the painted cloth of your vertues hang out at the window, and Fame standing at the door with a Trumpet in her hand, I could not chuse, out of a natural inclination which I have to fights and Puppet-plays, but step in and behold the monstrousness of your beauties: and now Madam I have seen you, I admire you more then the hairy Gentlewoman. Donna Elizabetha reply'd, That truly his person was very proper, and his language was very eloquent: but withal she told him, that she was very sorry that he had put himself to so great a trouble, since she found by him (for she could see as far into a Whistons as another) that he was not for her turn. But he confidently, as being now over shoes over boots, returns her answer, That she had created love within him, and that he hoped she would not cause it to be born and die at the same instant: and therefore he petitions her again, in these words: Most celestial beam of beauty, I have received you into my heart, which like a Burning-glass contracting the heat of your rays, is now all on fire, not to be quenched but by the moistning Julep of your affection; and therefore do not deny me life, since it is altogether in your power to give it. To which she jestingly replies, that she was sorry she could not sub-

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subscribe his petition: yet she was glad to see him, so that she never saw a Phenix before; which she conjectured him to be, because he went about to die in his flames. However, if that were not his intention, rather then he should be scorched to death for love of her, that could not requite him, she would cause her Page to make water in a basin, that he might bathe and quench his burning breast therein. Sir Samuel thanked her, telling her withal, that any stream of her kindness would be acceptably received into his bosom. But woe is me, (said he, proceeding) for I finde my words have made no more impression in your heart, then an arrow on a rock of Adamant: so that I may say of you, that as in the greenest grass is the greatest serpent, in the clearest water the ugliest toad; so is your fair body lin'd with a cruel soul. Alas, you have no mercy on my Captivity; so that I am like the spaniel, that gnaws his chain, but sooner spoils his teeth then procures liberty. But as a bladder is to a learning swimmer, so is Hope to me; which makes me apt to believe, that as there is no iron but will be softened with the fire; so there is no heart, how hard soever, that will not be softened by continual prayers. Consider, that the sun disdains not to shine upon the smallest worm. Reconcile your self to the humblest of your vassals, and do not through Marble-hearted cruelty overwhelm him with sense-distracting grief — He would have said more; but Elizabetha impatient of his impertinencies, flung in great haste out of the Room, not so much as staying to see him make his retiring honour.

Being thus pensively left alone, the Chamber-maid comes down, and seeing Sir Samuel in such a sad condition, she accosts him, telling him, that though he had not the way, yet she knew how well enough to prevail with her Mistress; assuring him withal, that for this piece she would make him possessor of the happiness he sought to enjoy. Sir Samuel shook his head at this, telling her, that it was so ought he knew, more then he should receive for her portion; but if she shillings would content her, it was at her service. At which words, the Page discovering the pitiful humour of Sir Samuel

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Samuel, disdainning his proffer, called him *Sad Fellow*, and *Spole-catcher*, telling him he did not deserve a *Mistkin-wench*: and as he went out of doors, he pinned a sheet of *hrown Paper* to the Cape of his Cloak; which though it were not written, yet gave many people as he went in the Streets, an opportunity sufficient to read the Character of the man.

CHAP. VII.

How Sir Samuel sent his Mistress a Copy of Verses, wishing himself a Pappy-dog for his Mistress sake: which he sent by his good Page, ~~who was drunk~~; and how ~~he~~ got drunk before he could present them.

SAMUEL being thus repulsed, and at his wits end, since his person could do nothing, he resolves to try what his parts could do; whereupon knowing his own weakness, he resolves to make use of helps, and to seek where he could find a thing proper to his purpose. At length, he lighted on a Copy in a Play, which pleased him, and which he therefore resolves to make use of: The Verses, as I have heard from a good hand, were these.

I Swear by *Muscadel*,
That I do love thee well,
And more then I can tell:
By the white, Claret and Sack,
I do love thy black, black, black,
I do love thy black, black, black.

No Goddesses 'mong them all,
So slender and so tall,
And grateful too withal,

Which

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Which makes my sinews to crack,
• For thy black, black, black,
For thy dainty black, black.

So lovely and so fair,
Though shadowed with thy hair,
So nimble just like Air.
All these set me on loves wrack
For thy black, black, black,
For thy dainty black, black.

Thy kind and cunning Eye
When first I did spy,
My love, it did raise high.
You saying, What d'ye lack?
I answered, Thy black, black,
Thy dainty black, black, black.

Madam, you have a pretty Puppy,
O that I were that pretty Puppy.
Then should I be beloved of thee.
Kisses from thee I should not lack,
And, lye in thy Lap near thy black, black,
Near thy dainty black, black, black.

These Verses he enclosed in a sheet of gilt Paper, inscribing it, To the most flourishing bud of honour, and Rose of delight, Donna Elizabetha Tottel, these presents. Thus inscribed, he delivered them to his good Squire ~~Jack~~ to carry unto her: but Jack thinking there was no great ball of the business, gets into company, and falls a drinking: but at length, when the Ale had put high thoughts into his head, he thought it was time to go about his business: but he knowing the respect his Knight bore unto the Lady, when he came to present the Paper, fell in

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in a most humble manner at her feet ; and having something more to deliver to her then his Knight imposed upon him, he spewed upon her Shoes ; thereby enigmatically setting forth the Streams of his Masters affection : ratted again at length upon his Legs , he began his Speech : O Adam quoth he,---hickup-- my Master---hickup-- hath sent you some---hickup--some Verses ; wherein---hickup-- he hath declared---hickup--the reality---hickup--of his affections---hickup---as plainly---hickup---as the Rose---hickup--in your face. — The Lady Elizabeth, seeing the young Squire in such a condition ; and that he wanted lodging, caused him to be conveyed out of dooꝛs into the Porch, where he lay till the Watch came by : who then took him, and put him in the Round-house ; whence being set at liberty, he went to Sir Samuel, relating to him his, and his own doleful misfortunes.

CHAP. VIII.

How Sir Samuel fell in love with another Lady, and how he sought to win her affections.

SIR Samuel now finding Elizabetha so stubborn and refractory to his desires, he was resolved to have two strings to his bow. Now so it fell out, that walking one day toward the close of the evening, he espied standing at her door, a Lady passing fair and beautiful. He had already experience that the Ladies were not taken with the proposals of his person, or the comeliness of his face. Wondering therefore upon many ways and means to attain his ends, he began to think of the great power of money. It may be, quoth he to himself, this Lady may want some Garters, as Globes, Pins and Ribans ; now if I should furnish her handsomely with a small sum, certainly I shall eternally oblige her heart and affections to me. In this Contemplation, he walks to and fro thyes or four times by her : at length,

length; thinking it not convenient to profer money to a Lady whom he never saw before in his life, he resolv'd to put his corn into a bag, and drop it as it were by accident before her. This he did in imitation of Jupiter, thinking to have enjoy'd this Lady in a showre of Silver, as Jove enjoy'd Diana in a showre of Gold. But such was the misfortune of this infortunate Knight, that the Lady frighted at the fall of the bag, fearing some Trapan, ran in adoors; leaving it to be taken up by the next Passenger, who scrupled not to pocket up the pices of Sir Samuels Love; with a resolution doubtless not to put it to any such ribbolsome use again. All this while Sir Samuel stood haggling his invention not far off; and at length seeing the Catastrophe, with a patience like that of Job, beheld the loss both of his Spickrisse and his money, without taking any further notice thereof.

CHAP. IX.

How Sir Samuel put on a disguise, and went to seek *Elizabetha* in the Country.

SIR Samuel being foil'd in this adventure, resolv'd to seek his old *Elizabetha*, whose love could not yet be remov'd out of his heart: but coming to visit her, he found her gone into the Country. Laying therefore hold of this opportunity to show the constancy of his affections, he resolv'd in a disguise to go in pursuit of her; but what disguise must this be? he would not put on Womens clothes, for fear of being taken for a Whore, as Sir George Booch was. At length, he agreed upon the habit of a Shepherd Swain; having read how that Love is commonly is clad in rural weeds, and lives in Cottages. In the first place, therefore, he puts on a pair of Leather Breeches, and a Doublet of the same; his Legs he covers with coarse green Stockings; his Feet with Russet Shoes; his head with an old white Hat: and thus accoutred, he leaves the sight of Pauls Steele.

CHAP. X.

How Sir Toby and *Lawrence* fell both in love with the same Lady, and how *Lawrence* wish'd the Devil take his Brother Sir Toby.

Learing now Sir Samuel in the Country, let us see what becomes of Sir Toby, and *Lawrence* the younger of the three Brethren. These two being acquainted with a Lady of great beauty, happened both to fall in love with her. Sir Toby thought he deserved her best, as being the elder Brother and a Knight: *Lawrence* thought he ought to love him best, as having thrown his affections first upon her. Whereby, there happened great contention between them, so that they lived in perpetual strife. *Lawrence* willing to reconcile the difference, Brother, said he, you know how good a thing it is for Brethren to agree together: You and I, 'tis true, love one and the same Lady; now to reconcile this difference, I will propose three things to you, and let him that wins her, take her; that is, either let us play first come to three hits at Ticktack for her, or let us play an hundred and threescore up at Trap-ball for her; or let us play at push-pin, and he that wins the first five pins, let him take her a Gods name. Sir Toby, though he could not but confess these three Propositions to be very reasonable, yet being blinded with love, he continued obstinate, and would get to nothing: which caused great anger in *Lawrence*, so that now in all companies he curses his Brother, wishing him hang'd and at the Devil; and hath a great pick at his Brother for bringing him forth to be his rival.

CHAP. XI.

How Sir Samuel seem'd without seeing his *Elizabeth*, and how he had like to have been taken for a Spy.

Sir Samuel, as we said, being now in the Country, and having proceeded some two days journey, at length lighted into an Ale-house, where he intended to repose that night; but as he sat at supper, the good Woman of the house observing the lilv whiteness of his hands, as also the softness of his palms, and seeing him pull out some Gold out of his Pocket, thought to her self that this could not be a Shepherds swain, but certainly some Myntics in disguise. Which caused the Woman, the times being then very troublesome, loath to harbour concealed persons contrary to the Act; and looking also for gain upon discovery, to give notice to the next Justice, of Sir Samuels being there. Whereupon Sir Samuel was sent for, and suddenly examined; for as Sir Samuel himself relates, they took him for the thing shou'd others say. They onely took him for an ordinary Spy; which is most likely: the next thing they did, was to search him; but finding nothing but Rube-Reddets, and a company of ridiculous Verses about him, the Justice and his Clerk agreed with him for 10 pound in Gold to dismiss him: And so his money being spent, he was forc'd, without beholding his pitifull Angellish Face, to return, with his purse as empty as his head.

CHAP. XII.

Of his adventure in a Wood near *Tunbridge*, and of his resolution to retire into a Monastery.

Twas now the time of the year when there is a great resort of people of both sexes at *Tunbridge*, a small village in *Kent*; famous for the purging Springs that are there found. Whither goes our Knight to make up the number of *Whimsiers*. Hard by, there stands a Wood, which *Sir Samuel* made his retiring place to recreate his melancholy thoughts. One evening, as he was musing there, he heard the voice of some body uttering the sad Complaints of a vexed Spirit. The voice caused him to draw near; and drawing near, he discovered two young Ladies sitting in a fair green Plot, bewailing their misfortunes. *Sir Samuel* moved with compassion, accosts them; and having demanded some questions of them, told them, he was a forsaken Lover, as he guessed them to be, being a Knight of the Order of *Fond Love*. Whereupon one of the Ladies discovering in his Physiognomie, that the man might easily be made an *Ass*; Sir, quoth she, calling her self at his feet, if you be such a one as you pretend, have compassion on a distressed Lady: I have lost my Maiden-head, and prove with Child; therefore I desire you to marry me, to take off all reproach that the world may cast either on my Child, or my self. To which *Sir Samuel* replied: Madam, you being a Lady, and I a Knight, I should be no Knight should I not be kind to you a Lady. Then quoth she, Since near relations ought to be more familiar, let us sit down together on the grass: to which the Knight readily consented. When she proceeded: My pretty dear, quoth she, suppose that I being thy wife, should ask thee for ten or twenty pieces to sport away at Cards, would you deny it me? No, as I hope to be saved, answered *Sir Samuel*:
but

but suppose I should come and give thee little box on the ear, and say, My Dear, let me see thy pockers, and so take our all thy money, wouldst thou be angry? No indeed law, answered Sir Samuel. With that she gave him a sweet kiss, and putting her hand into his pock, took out all she could find; neither was she slow to secure it again in her own pockers. Then quoth she, My dear, you have rings on, which are doubtless the Enchantments which cause me and other women to love thee so: prae thee let me see 'em; and so without more Complements, she takes them off. Sir Samuel, who had more of courtess then craft, suffered all this. The Lady now well ballasted, of a sudden starts up, cries out, Theeves, Theeves, and runs away as hard as she could flye: Sir Samuel ran after; but at length finding them too swift, and considering that he had left his Cloak and Hat behind, he desisted from the chase, for fear of loosing all. Sir Samuel all this while thought this had been only a love-trick, and expected to hear from them next morning; but the fifth and sixth day passing without any tidings, he concluded himself puppett'd, and cursed the day of his birth.

CHAP. XII.

How Sir Samuel counterfeited himself dead, to get pity from his Elizabetha, and how he dated a Letter to her from his grave.

SIR Samuel finding by this time, that neither his person nor his parts could move his Elizabetha, resolved to play the crafty Fox, and to overcome her by sight. Of the little inventions of love! so you shall hear what a strange Whim came into his pockers. Said he to himself: Women are tender Creatures, and they have soft and tender breasts, and in these tender breasts lodgeth pity and compassion. They will rebbis and spare a man at this instant, but let the same person put his finger in their company, and
the

the next they will give him the sugar-sweetest words of pity, that a Woman can give to a Man. Let a Man stain himself sick for love of them; and their hearts will melt like Ice before the Fire: If then they will do so much for those that are sick for love, what will they not do for those that shall be for love? I will give for love of Elizabetha, and cause her affections to come like Water, being charmed by the compassion of her soul towards me. Thus resolved, he dispatches his good friend Jack Waterhouse, to desire her to keep her stomach, and to preserve the humours of her Appetite, for that he intended to morrow to wait on her, to the Castle of Sir

Admiral of Thames above Bridge; which being full furnished with Beasts Tongues and Fiddlers, he doubted not but to content her, if she pleased to go along with him. All that he told him, That he was the happiest Squire in the world; who was now going to visit the beams of the Sun of Beauty. He bid him take notice also how she entertained him, whether she blushed just as he had delivered his Embassage, whether she started is troubled when she heard his name, whether she repeated her answers twice or thrice over, and whether she seem to order her hair though not disordered; for that he could judge by her actions and outward motions, whether it would be worth his while to spend his money on her or no. I go, said Jack Waterhouse, and will return quickly, therefore enlarge that little heart of yours, which is no bigger then a Wall Nut, and be of good comfort. The Passage being at length delibered, Donna Elizabetha returns answer not at all for love of Sir Samuel, but for love of the Collation, and in hope to make her self merry, that she knew nothing to the contrary but that she might be ready when he came to wait upon her. With these glad thoughts, back goes Jack Waterhouse, to cheer up the spirits of Sir Samuel. To morrow comes, but Sir Samuel having ordered his business, cannot appear himself; therefore he desires his Brother Sir Toby to go in his stead, and to entertain her at his charges; which Sir Toby out of a brotherly affection, willingly undertook. He was also bound to beg the fair Elizabetha's

excuse

Don SAMUEL CRISPIN

spectle for Sir Samuel, for that he was very ill and kept his bed. How! ill, quoth Elizabetha, of what disease? Mr. Robs. replied Sir Toby: whom loves he? said Elizabetha. He loves you, Madam, answered Sir Toby; you your self are the cause of his Maladies; and ye doubtlesse he must and will if you continue in obstinacy. As he was conversing the Story, to confirm the truth thereof, in comes a Letter from Sir Samuel to direct to the said Elizabetha: it was brought by Jack Waterhouse, with tears in his eyes, having left his Spatter laid out in his Winding sheet for dead. The tenor and purport of which Letter, was as follows.

Sir Samuel to his Elizabetha, the joy of his heart, and comfort of his hopes.

MADAM,

The continual repulses and denials I have received; I have torn my hair, beaten my brest, and bit my nails for want of your affection. In a word, the anguish of my soul is such, that I am forc'd to dye; yea, I am already dead, and laid forth in my Winding sheet, as my good Squire Jack Waterhouse can inform you. Your disdain hath been my bane: O how could you, the Mirrour of Courtesie, be so obdurate to the Mirrour of Courtlesie? Yet I am not so dead, but that if you would come and smile upon me, you might work a Miracle, which would blaze your name abroad, and revive your poor Sir Samuel. Oh how can you be so relentless, and Marble-hearted? Was not Dulcinea loving to her Don Quixot? Was not Laurana courteous to her Parismus? And
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can *Elizabeth* be unkind to her *Samuel*? Come then quickly before I be cold, lest you come in vain to your

Dead Friend,

From my Winding Sheet,

Septemb. 3. 1659.

Elizabeth having read this Letter, asked *Jack VVaterhouse* if his *Master* were mad; and why he troubled her with such impertinences; telling him withal, That she was now in good company, and could not leave them: besides, she never cared for seeing dead men: and therefore she desired *Jack VVaterhouse* to bury him well; letting him know withal, that if he had left her a Legacy, she was willing to receive it. With this *spoilage* *Jack VVaterhouse* returned; and *Sir Samuel* seeing his *Metropolitan* Designe fall him, hearing the Exchange Bell ring, rose again, and went about his business.

MAGAM

CHAP. XIV.

How *Sir Samuel* dismissed his Squire, and how the Squire gave a Character of his Master.

Sir Samuel seeing all his tricks and quilllets to be told of none effect, resolved to leave his night-exantry, and to put off his Squire, *Jack Waterhouse*; who being thereupon destitute, returned again to his old *Master Sir Chappel*. Now there being a great meeting of *Knights* and *Ladies* at his *Castle*, who had heard of the Adventures of *Sir Samuel*, they desired *Jack VVaterhouse*, as having been his Squire, to give them an account of the man; which with little extenuation he did, in this following Character.

Mr. S. C's Character.

HE was born the Son of a Doctor of Physick ; and if legitimately begot, without doubt, form'd by the most cunning Rules of that Art, being in his own vain-glorious Opinion, a----second *Narcissus* ; one of a proper Stature, joyned with an indifferent comeliness, though a deformed dull man in wit : he was bred a kinde of a Mongrel Canary Merchant, under that old Fox *Rowland Wil----*to whom he proved such an officious *Zancha Pancha* ; that at the good old Man's death, he became a Quadrate Heir to his Estate, and is now set up Knight-Errant for himself ; and to make that Calling the more laudable, he has mask'd himself with a superficial Devotion, being much given to the visiting of all sorts of Sects and Churches, though farre better read in the Ladies Faces he there sees, then in the Explication of the Speakers or Preachers Text he there hears : however, by this holy Hunting, he has much added to his Parts, and fitted himself for all Ladies companies (except enchanted) by attaining to an extemporary singing, though by a Sacrilegious stealing of the greatest part of the Parish-Clarks Tunes in *London* : he dances so well, as that you may know he has payed his enterance and quarteridge to a Master of that Science: he is ingeniously witty for the inventing of Love-Plots and Designes: for his own wandring and Fantastick Affection, and more prudent mens sport and laughter, he has

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DON SAMUEL CRISP.

almost run through as many unfortunate and apish Adventures to obtain his fair *Elizabetha*, as renowned Don *Quixot* did for his soul *Dulcinea*. He is one that often thinks on his death, having already fitted his *Corpusculum* to a Winding sheet. He is one of a single humility, and that to a Mistress, for whom he had rather be metamorphosed to a Puppy-Dog, then displease her. He wears good Cloathes, and those various and fashionable : yet he holds it great Prudence sometimes to borrow a Country Clowns leather Breeches to court his Mopsa in. His greatest misery is, that only Cavalier Ladies affect him, and that his Cockney humour bears as much malice to people of so good a quality, as the Devil does Amity to Roundheads, and the Good Old Cause. He is never valorous but in womans Company ; and if confidently assaulted by them (as in *Tunbridge* wood) yeilds immediately the treasure of his Pockets to them, for to buy Candles to sit by and laugh at him for a Coward. He is very unfortunate in his elder Brother being held handsomer then himself ; oftentimes having fallen most desperately in love with those Mopsa's and Misoes that were ready to strangle themselves for sweet *Toby*. In fine, he is his own and ridiculous *Don Quixots* Heir, the Ladies Whelp, every Mans Fool, the Booksellers Outlary, and the Earths Burden.

Chap.

CHAP. XV.

How Sir *Samuel* may go hang himself, if he pleases.

THus, gentle Reader, do I put period to the Misfortunes of our unfortunate Knight : I have given thee a large account of his Life ; it is truly summed up unto this. Now being thus abused in the Country, laughed at in the City, despised and scorned both in City and Country ; unpitied by Ladies, uncompassionated by Men ; what remains for him to do ? Nothing that I know of, but onely to take a Rope, yea, a new Rope, even a new two-peny Rope, and hang himself ; so shall he dis revenge himself upon his Enemies, by depriving them of the Subject of their mirth and laughter.

F I N I S.